

THE CABINET;

A REPOSITORY OF

POLITE LITERATURE.

No. X.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, MARCH 23, 1811.

MISCELLANY.

ORIGINAL.

THE PERIPATETIC.—No. 5.

“Rein thy tongue.” SHAKESPEARE.

THE dictates of wisdom are not always cheerfully obeyed, but although the injunction of Shakespeare may not dwell in the recollection of the garrulous in this land of liberty, it is hoped that they need not be reminded, that a similar command is often repeated in the records of truth.

However frequently this command may be reiterated, we find the propensity to talking is so general among us, that had Shakespeare lived in our days, he would have found so many rapid talkers, that he might repeat the aspiration of Benedick, “would my horse had the speed of your tongue.” If this active member, so long accustomed to frolick without check, confined itself to innocent gambols, it would be a pity to cramp it with a bridle, but we so frequently see its course produce such malign effects, that we should be sometimes ready to exclaim with Rich-

ard, "off with his head," as the only efficient method of stopping the evil.

In sober seriousness, such has now become the relish for censoriousness, that the common detail of ordinary incidents, affords no gratification to the depraved palates of modern newsmongers, and there appear in society, men whose occupation appears to be confined to finding out the frailties, or imprudences of their neighbours, and whose sole delight is to relate stories of the follies and misfortunes of others.

It is not unusual to see some of these characters, squat themselves down in the corner of an insurance office, and with eyes half closed, like an owl on a haystack, hoot at the more active among those, who are not unwilling that the day should witness their actions. Some of these gloomy birds of wisdom, whose optics are only half capable of discerning objects, will croak out a tale in all the obscurity of their own benighted imagination, and when curiosity has been excited by innuendoes, which were intended to convey more than met the ear, if pressed to name the subject of their story, will with apparent unwillingness stutter out a name. All the listening magpies are then on the wing, and most volubly chatter at every corner of the streets. In a few hours the slanderous tale is nearly as well known in all the circles in town, as if it had been published in the newspapers.

Pity is it, that those whose good fortune has thus enabled them to wear out their lives in indolence, cannot find more noble diversion than pointing out the blemishes which obscure the characters of their contemporaries. Whoever frequents the resorts of business and idleness united, will often find that the risques of commerce, and the political concerns of the nation, give place in conversation to the currency of scandal.

Much has been said and written on the scandalous tale of the tea table, but more slander is uttered among the convocations of grey bearded prattlers, than has circulated among petticoated cynics since tea first found its way from China: and some of the garrulous bustlers who ply between the offices in State street, are more obnoxious to censure than any of the antiquated sisterhood, who have led apes in the dominions of Pluto, since Charon's ferry was established.

The French have a proverb, that “he who speaks sows, —he who listens reaps.” We should hesitate then to sow the seeds of slander, lest we gather the harvest of contempt. When I hear a blustering fellow loud in reproach, and liberal in execration, I am very ready to believe this man would be a tyrant in power, and merely restrained by law from committing enormity, is obliged to content himself like one of Shakespear’s heroines, with the determination, “my tongue if not my heart shall have its will.”

A fine of twenty-five thousand pounds of brass was imposed by the Roman *Ædiles* on the daughter of Appius Cæcus, a woman of rank, for speaking *impertinently*, at an assembly of the people. What fine would have been considered sufficiently heavy for speaking slanderously, where impertinence was thus punished? How should he be amerced who should be the first to circulate the fabrication of falsehood, respecting those with whom he has long associated in the habits of friendship? How much brass should he be compelled to give up, who without stopping to calculate probabilities, hastily disseminates the tale which malice engendered, and envy circulates in whispers.

“ He who steals my purse, steals trash ; ‘tis something, nothing,
’Twas mine, ’tis his, and has been slave to thousands :
But he that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of that, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.”

When the tairice told tale which injures the fame of our neighbour vibrates on our ear, before we again give it utterance, let the injunction of him, who so intimately knew human nature be respected,—“ Rein thy tongue.” X.

JEROME LE FRANCOIS (LALANDE.)

The following account of this highly celebrated astronomer, is extracted from the letters on France and England published in the American Review. The smile it excites must be followed by a sigh of regret, that room for so much of the weakness of human nature, should be found in a mind so astonishingly illuminated by science.

THE elder Lalande, the celebrated Professor of Astronomy and one of the most extraordinary men of his age, was among the first of the distinguished *Savans*, with whom it was my good fortune to become acquainted. He died during my residence at Paris, and after his decease, had that justice done to his stupendous powers and acquirements, which, as it happens to many others, was refused to him during the last years of his life. Lalande, if not the most profound and original, was certainly the most learned astronomer of France, and the principal benefactor of the science, to which he was so passionately devoted. He was remarkable for the most egregious vanity, equally eminent for the most noble virtues of the heart. By a very singular perversion of intellect, he became a professed atheist about the commencement of the Revolution, pronounced, in the year 1793, in the Pantheon, a discourse against the existence of a God, with the red cap upon his head, and displayed on this subject, the most absolute insanity during the rest of his life. This monstrous infatuation betrayed him into the most whimsical acts of extravagance, and particularly into the publication of a Dictionary of Atheists, in which he enregistered, not only many of “the illustrious dead,” but a great number of his contemporaries, and among these, some of the principal dignitaries of the empire.

This circumstance led to an occurrence in the Institute, which that body will not soon forget. At an extraordinary sitting of all

the classes convoked for the purpose, when Lalande was present, a letter from the Emperor was announced, and read aloud, in which it was declared that Mr. de Lalande had fallen into *a state of dotage*, and was forbidden to publish thereafter any thing under his own name.—The old astronomer rose very solemnly, bowed low, and replied, that he would certainly obey the orders of his majesty. His atheistical absurdities deserved, no doubt, to be repressed, but, besides the singularity of this form of interdiction, there was an unnecessary degree of severity in it, as the end might have been attained without so public a humiliation. Lalande was notoriously superannuated, and not therefore a fit object for this species of punishment. Some consideration, moreover, was due to his many private virtues, to his rank in the scientific world, and to the large additions which he had made to the stock of human knowledge. His atheistical opinions arose, not from any moral depravity, but from a positive alienation of mind on religious topics. He was not the less conspicuous for the most disinterested generosity; for warm feelings of humanity; for the gentleness of his manners;—for the soundness of his opinions on questions of science, and for a certain magnanimity with regard to the merits of his rivals and detractors. The extravagance of his opinions and his manners during his dotage, rendered him an object of almost universal derision in Paris, and subjected to the most cruel and indecent mockery. It became fashionable, even among those who had derived their knowledge from his lessons, and experienced his bounty, to depreciate his merits both as an astronomer and as a man. Lalande had the misfortune of living to see a maxim verified in his own regard, which has been exemplified in every age and country—that some disciples may become superior to their masters.—But he was, nevertheless, at all times among the luminaries of science, and to him astronomy was indebted, for more substantial and unremitting services, than to any one of his contemporaries.

No person of the last century made so brilliant a début upon the world of science as Lalande, nor was any *savant* ever rewarded, during so long a course of years with so many scientific honours, or feasted with more intoxicating homage. Before the age of

twenty-five, he was admitted into almost all the learned academies of the world, and pensioned by the principal monarchs of the continent. He travelled through nearly all the States of Europe, and was every where received with demonstrations of the most enthusiastic respect, not only by the learned of every description, but by all who were most distinguished in rank or fortune. In Italy, upon which he wrote the best book of travels now extant, he was overwhelmed with attentions by Clement the thirteenth, and pursued, from the remotest extremities of that country, by its most distinguished ornaments in every department of knowledge and taste. He found his bust in most of the observatories of Germany, and was greeted with the surname of the God of Astronomy in some of the cities of the North. His reception in England was of the most flattering kind, and in fact all his journeys were but a continued succession of brilliant triumphs. Before he had passed the age of thirty, he numbered among his correspondents and his private friends, some of the reigning princes of Germany, and almost every author or savan of note in Europe. His works would embrace more than sixty ponderous volumes,* and corresponded, by their learning and utility, to the high reputation which he enjoyed. It is not therefore much to be wondered at, if the circumstances of his early life produced that delirium of vanity, if I may be allowed the expression, which marked his character in the last stages of his career.

In the conversations which I had with him, not many months before his death, I frequently saw occasion to admire, both the brilliancy of his imagination, and the copiousness of his knowledge; but it was impossible to confine him, for any length of time to a rational strain of discourse. His mind reverted incessantly to his favourite theory of Atheism, and to his own personal merits, upon which he expatiated with complacency, that would have been irresistably ludicrous, if it had not exhibited so melancholy a proof of the imbecility of human nature even when most eminently gifted. When he spoke, however, of republican institutions

* The chief of these is his "History of Astronomy" in four volumes quarto—the best elementary treatise on that science that has ever been published.

and of this country, he displayed a liberality of sentiment and an ardent attachment to the cause of freedom, which, with me, made full amends for his egotism. His passion for astronomical studies never deserted him.—Until the moment of his dissolution, he was engaged in deep calculations, and in the most elaborate researches. He was at all times lavish of his fortune, in favour of the interests of science, and gave to the Institute in year 1802, a considerable sum in perpetuity, the interest of which, was to be allotted to the person, who produced the best work on Astronomy, or made the most important discovery in that science, in the year. I was present at his funeral which was attended by his brethren of the Institute, and rendered particularly solemn, by the discourse pronounced over his grave. Dupont de Nemours now one of the most prominent of the literati of Paris, and who, as you may recollect, resided at New York a few years ago, stepped forth from the crowd, with the tears flowing rapidly from his eyes, and in the course of a very touching panegyric on the deceased, recited acts of benevolence, which had fallen under his own observation, that would have done honour to a Howard. He made one striking observation, in which his whole auditory appeared to acquiesce at once ; “that Lalande had much more religion than he was conscious of possessing.”

Lalande was below the middle size, and exhibited one of the ugliest faces that I have ever seen. He was, however, not a little vain of his person, and extremely fond of narrating the conquests, which he had achieved in his youth, over the hearts of half the princesses of Europe. The egotism which completely vanquished his judgment in his old age, blinded him to the absurdity and falsehood of the recital on this head, which he never failed to make, even to his casual visitors. He fancied that he had arrived at absolute perfection, and published at various times a notification, to the world “that he possessed all the virtues and good qualities of human nature.” A wit of Paris very earnestly requested him on one of these occasions “at least that to deduct that of modesty.” His manners were exceedingly engaging, and his conversation was enlivened by brilliant sallies, and by a singular degree of candour and naïveté. Lalande addressed a delineation of

himself to a lady who had promised to write his life. I cannot resist the temptation of transcribing it for you, as it exhibits an amusing specimen of the superlative vanity, and for the most part, a very just picture of the character, of this extraordinary man.

"I am," says he, "an enemy of show and ostentation ; my *a-mour propre* (and every one has his share) has but one object—literary glory. My patience and temper can withstand any vexations arising either from sickness, disappointment or injustice.

I exercise the most liberal indulgence with regard to the faults or follies of others. I find every thing good. I can bear pleasure, sarcasm or even slander, but I know how to rally in my turn. I dislike the common pleasures of the world. I cannot endure gambling, shows or feasts.

I never go to the play : study and the converse of intelligent persons,—particularly of well-informed women—are my only amusements. Such have been for me in regular succession, the meetings of Mde. Geoffrin, du Bocage, du Dèfant, de Bourdic, de Beauharnais, de Salm, &c. In frequenting their societies, I always go on foot, and sometimes take long walks :—my object in so doing is to encounter mendicants, and I take pleasure in relieving them.

I have often lent, and my money has been rarely returned, but I have never reclaimed it. My honesty of speech often degenerates into rudeness. I have never been able to dissemble the truth, even when it was calculated to offend. I have often fallen out with old friends, in consequence of refusing them my suffrage at academic elections. I never could bear the weight of hatred on my mind ; I have made many enemies by my candour, but I never hated and have always endeavoured to conciliate them. I love whatever contributes to the perfection of mankind, and care very little for what contributes to their amusement.

Gratitude is so deeply implanted in my heart, that I weep involuntarily, whenever I recollect the proofs, which I have either given or received of this feeling. The numerous instances of ingratitude which I have experienced, have never diminished the warmth of my acknowledgment for favours.

Among the distinguished men who have honoured me with their friendship, I recollect with pleasure, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, J. J. Rousseau, Dalembert, Clairaut, Maupertius, La Condamine, Voltaire, Réaumur, Euler, Barthélemy, Raynal, Macquer, &c.

The last wished me to marry his daughter: I refused her from a motive of friendship to the family; she deserved a better match.

I can acknowledge without pain the superiority of my colleagues in science. I declared, in my eulogium of Pingré that the academy had committed a mistake, in deciding in my favour at an election.

"I am reproached with speaking too often of myself. I acknowledge this defect, and have no other excuse to offer but my natural sincerity, and love of truth. I maintain that it is treason against the community, to be silent in relation to the vices of others. It is sacrificing the good, from a mistaken charity to the bad. I love my family. I have given up to them the enjoyment of my income, even during my lifetime. I have loved women much; I love them still. I have always endeavoured to contribute to their improvement: my passion for them has always been reasonable; they have never injured my fortune, nor interfered with my studies. They have never made me pay a morning visit. I have sometimes said to handsome women: 'it only rests with you to make me happy, but it is not in your power to make me miserable.' They tell me that I have never truly loved—granted; if to love truly, it is necessary to turn fool.

I am rich; but I have no caprices or wants. I have but few servants, and no horses; I am temperate and simple in my habits: I never ride—I can sleep any where:—great opulence or high rank would be useless to me.

"I am well prepared for death: when I write a note or a memoir I say to myself—this perhaps is the last: but it is a great gratification for me to render an additional service to astronomy, and to add another stone to the edifice of my reputation.

"I am satisfied not only with my physical constitution but with my moral being; with my philosophy—with my sensibility; with

my disposition to stigmatize vice, although it has made me many enemies ; I enjoy therefore all the happiness of which humanity is capable : I am one of the most contented men on earth, and I can say, as Bayard did, that I feel my soul glide away satisfied with herself."

SPANIARDS AND PORTUGUESE.

We are apt to mistake the character of the Spaniards ; there is, in the very excess and abundance of their wit, joy, and good humour, a certain steady evenness of manners, equally distant from pedantry, levity, and affectation ; more mirth of the heart than all the noise, grimace, and *bardinage* of their neighbours ; a kind of grave, dry, sententious humour, with a serene and placid firmness of countenance.

But, from too much of the religious, and then of the military spirit, they have rapidly declined into enthusiasm and cruelty ; and as the human character never stops, have still continued to sink into indifference, pride, indolence, and barren devotion ; they cannot be excited to any great effort but by superstitious terrors, love, revenge, and a fandango, the favourite dance of all ranks, in which, from a state of death-like stupidity, they will, at the first touch of an instrument, join with enthusiasm, animation, grace, and delight.

It seems to have been the system of Spain and Portugal, to protect themselves by distance and desolation ; to leave whole districts uncultivated, and roads impassable ; as military science declined, timidity succeeded to discipline, and men prepared for war, by casing themselves in armour, to be smothered, or by shutting themselves up in castles, to be starved ; they forgot that national strength consists in an active, moving, disposable force ; and that the safest state of defence is, being always ready to attack.

The Portuguese pride has usefully changed its object, from the black cloak, spectacles, an affectation of wisdom and sanctity, and having nothing to do ; they are grown fond of fine clothes, are become diligent, enterprizing, and active.

Lisbon is a mixture of luxury and misery, nastiness and magnificence ; the buildings erected since the earthquake of 1755 are barbarously gigantic : the Marquis de Pombal, their chief projector, had the misfortune of being elevated out of the reach of control ; no man presumed to understand even his own trade so well as the Prime Minister.

COLLECTANEA.

"Diogenes Laertius represents Epimenides, a distinguished philosopher of Crete, to have slept fifty-one years in a cave, during which time if he had any dreams he could not afterwards recall them, and when he awaked he with difficulty recollect ed the city of his residence, and could scarcely persuade his younger brother to recognize him. This account may probably be suspected from its connection with Cretan history, the Abbé Barthélémy represents it to import only that Epimenides passed the first years of his youth in solitude and silent meditation. There are many other relations, however, which prove that sleep may be continued without injury to the human constitution certainly to a much longer period than the body could subsist without food in a waking state. Aristotle and Plutarch speak of the nurse of one Timon who slept two months without any indication of life. Marcus Damascenus represents a German rustic to have slept under an hay-rick through a whole autumn and winter, till on the removal of the hay he awoke half dead and utterly distracted. Crantzius mentions a scholar at Lubeck in the time of Gregory the Eleventh, who slept seven years without any apparent change. The most memorable account, however, is that of the seven persons of Ephesus, who are reported to have slept providentially in a cave to which they had retired, from the time of the persecution under Decius, till the thirtieth year of Theodosius. The cave, it is said, is still shewn at Ephesus, and the remains of a chapel erected to their memory. These were the seven famous sleepers whose reputation is certainly unrivalled in history. But though the account be sanctioned in some Greek homilies, and in

the Koran, many incredulous people have stumbled at the marvellous relation, and consider it as a fiction of the martyrologists. There is, however, perhaps nothing more inexplicable in men's sleeping one hundred and ninety-six years than in their sleeping six, we know not at what limits to stop, and may remark as was once done on the subject of St. Denys's walking a great way without his head, *La distance n'y fait rien, c'est le premier pas qui couture.*" "The distance was nothing, the first step was the only difficulty."

EQUANIMITY.

Equanimity of temper is thus happily described by the younger Lord Lyttleton, in one of his letters. It is the character of a travelling companion, with whom he is desirous his correspondent should become intimate.

"HE is a most lively, good-humoured, and pleasant man, who bears the ills of life as if they were blessings, and seems to take the rough and the smooth with an equal countenance. This sort of unbended philosophy is the best gift that Nature can bestow on her children; it lightens the burden of care, and turns every sable and ghastly hue of melancholy to bright and splendid colours. There is no one I envy so much as I do P— : a cap and bells is a crown to him ; a tune upon a flageolet is a concert—if the sun shines, he sports himself in its beams ; if the storm comes, he skips gaily along, and when he is wet to the skin, it only serves to make out a pleasant story while he is drying himself at the fire. If you are dull after dinner, he will get him up and rehearse half a dozen scenes out of a play, and do it well, and be as pleased with his performance as you can be. With all these companionable talents, he is neither forward, noisy, or impertinent ; but, on the contrary, very conversable, and possesses as pleasant a kind of good-breeding as any one I ever knew.

"His company has been a great relief to me, and I recommend you to cultivate his acquaintance as an entertaining and agreeable companion. You and I, my dear

friend, are differently, and I must add, less happily framed. We are hurried about by every gust and whirlwind of passion ; and, though hope does throw a pale gilding upon our disappointments, fear never fails to interrupt our pleasures.—I would give more than half of what I shall ever be worth, to be blessed with a moiety of P—'s temper and disposition.”

AMBITION.

The eloquent Massillon in preaching before his monarch has the following brilliant passage. What prelate would dare to hold such language to the present ruler of France ?

“ Sire, if the poison of ambition reach and infect the heart of the prince ; if the sovereign forgetting that he is the protector of the public tranquillity, prefer his own glory to the love and to the safety of his people ; if he would rather subdue provinces than reign in their hearts ; if it appear to him more glorious to be the destroyer of his neighbours, than the father of his people ; if the voice of grief and desolation be the only sound that attends his victories ; if he use that power which is only given him for the happiness of those he governs, to promote his own passions and interest ; in a word if he be a king solely to spread misery, and like the monarch of Babylon, erect the idol of his greatness on the wreck of nations ; great God ! what a scourge for the earth ! what a present dost thou send to men, in thy wrath, by giving them such a master ! His glory, Sire, will ever be steeped in blood. Some insane panegyrists may chaunt his victories, but the provinces, the towns, the villages will weep. Superb monuments may be erected to eternise his conquests : but the ashes yet smoking of so many cities formerly flourishing ; but the desolation of countries despoiled of their beauty ; but the ruins of so many edifices, under which peaceable citizens have perished ; but the lasting calamities that will survive him ; will be mournful monuments that will immortalize his folly and his vanity : he will have passed like a torrent that destroys, not like a majestic river, spreading joy and abundance : his name will be inscribed in the

annals of posterity, among conquerors, but never among good kings : the history of his reign will be recollected, only to revive the memory of the evil he has done to mankind."

INDIAN COQUETRY.

The Chawanon Indians, inhabiting the lake Mareotti, and who are considered the most warlike and civilized of the American Indians, have a manner of courtship which we believe to be peculiar to themselves. When such of their young women as have pretensions to beauty, attain their twelfth year, which is the usual period of their marriage, they either keep themselves quite secluded at home, or when they go out muffle themselves up in such a manner, that nothing is seen but their eyes. On these indications of beauty, they are eagerly sought in marriage, and those suitors who have acquired the greatest reputation as warriors or hunters, obtain the consent of the family. After this, the lover repairs to the cabin, where the beauty is lying enveloped on her couch. He gently approaches and uncovers her face, so that his person may be seen, and if this be to her mind, she invites him to lie down by her side ; if not, she again conceals her face, and the lover retires. A husband has the privilege of marrying all his wife's sisters as they arrive at age, so that after, often before, his first wife is thirty, he has married and abandoned at least a dozen.

NAVAL HAPPINESS.

Admiral Pakenham, on landing once at Portsmouth, boasted to a friend, that he left his whole crew the happiest fellows in the world. Being asked, " Why ? " he answered, " *I have flogged seventeen*, and they are happy it is over, and all the rest are happy that they have escaped.

EPIGRAM.

On the French Emperor's mantle being embroidered with Bees.

The EMPEROR NAP may parade on the seas
To *invade* us—then swear "he is coming;"
But as little BONEY 's surrounded by bees
Perhaps it is only their *humming*.

POETRY.

For the Cabinet.

THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

Now Dian's lamp, put forth her silver beams,
And every star stood glittering in his sphere,
.Eolus hushed each noisy wind to rest,
And all around was awfully serene ;
When o'er the glade, with pensive steps I stole,
To view the tomb of godlike Washington :
(No greater name, does fame's broad tablets shew,) I passed the portals of the silent vale,
And soon mine eye the monument descried ;
The moon beams shew'd me time's rude signature,
Which ten short years had plac'd upon the pile :
And soon, the perishable stones shall lie
Kissing the dust, a shapeless, ruin'd heap :
Yet shall the hero's fame defy time's pow'r,
And rise triumphant, o'er the wreck of years ;
While every age shall hail his natal day.
And as I stood, my misty eye cast down,
I sighed, and thus th' unknowing corse addressed :
" Whither—O ! greatness, whither art thou fled ?
Where now's that arm that shook the fiery sword,
And hurl'd destruction, on thy country's foes ?
Wither'd it lies, and vanish'd into dust.
Where is that tongue, from which instruction flow'd,
Which charmed the world with stately eloquence ?
'Tis motionless, it bears death's icy seal ;
And where that eye, that darted through the ranks,
And cheer'd thy brave compatriots in the field—
But for the dying foe dying dropp'd pitying tears ?
Beamless, and quench'd in everlasting night.
And where that form, that show'd like fiery Mars
And sought the foe, e'en to the arms of death ?
A cold unanimated lump of clay !
And all that's left, of all its parts combined—
Is not enough to say, this was a man !
Here let ambition look, nor look in vain,
For all on earth must come to this at last !"
" But still his spirit lives in realms of light—

Too soon, O ! Jove," I cried, "thou snatched it there,
 And left my country to a factious sea ;
 Divided counsels ; and an host of foes,
 Already ruin yawns to swallow us!"
 And as I spoke, I upward turned mine eye,
 When lo—a blazing, fiery cloud appeared,
 Bearing an heavenly form, so fair and bright ;
 Still had my wond'ring eye with rapture gazed
 But soon the goddess touch'd upon the earth—
 And with prophetic sounds the silence broke.
 "Let not a murmur from thy lips be heard :
 Jove's ways are merciful and just to all,
 Though dark, and intricate—past mortal ken.
 Thy country ; freedom's last resort shall stand,
 Guarded by Pallas, and Eternal Jove.
 Her foes—whether within her walls they live
 And spit their poison at the noblest breast,
 Or nursed in foreign climes, a slavish race
 That kiss an iron sceptred Tyrant's feet ;
 Vengeance shall fall, with ruin on their heads !
 'Tis Jove's decree, and "Jove's decree is fate."
 This said, the goddess winged the ambient air
 And vanished in a moment from my sight !
 But still, methinks her threatening voice I hear :
 "Vengeance shall fall with ruin on their heads,
 'Tis Jove's decree, and Joves decree is fate."

EDWY.

O ! NEVER LET US MARRY!

TO ROSA.

If in possession passion die,
 And when we marry, Love deny
 His raptures still to tarry :
 If that soft breast must cease to warm,
 Those speaking eyes no longer charm,
 O ! never let us marry !

If I shall hang not on thy lip,
 Like bees on roses, when they sip,
 And thence less honey carry ;
 If I must cease to think it bliss,
 To breathe my soul in ev'ry kiss,
 O ! never let us marry !

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